THE

JANUARY

ARSENAL CANNON

1937

ANNUAL

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Jean Lindstaedt 299

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R. R. 169
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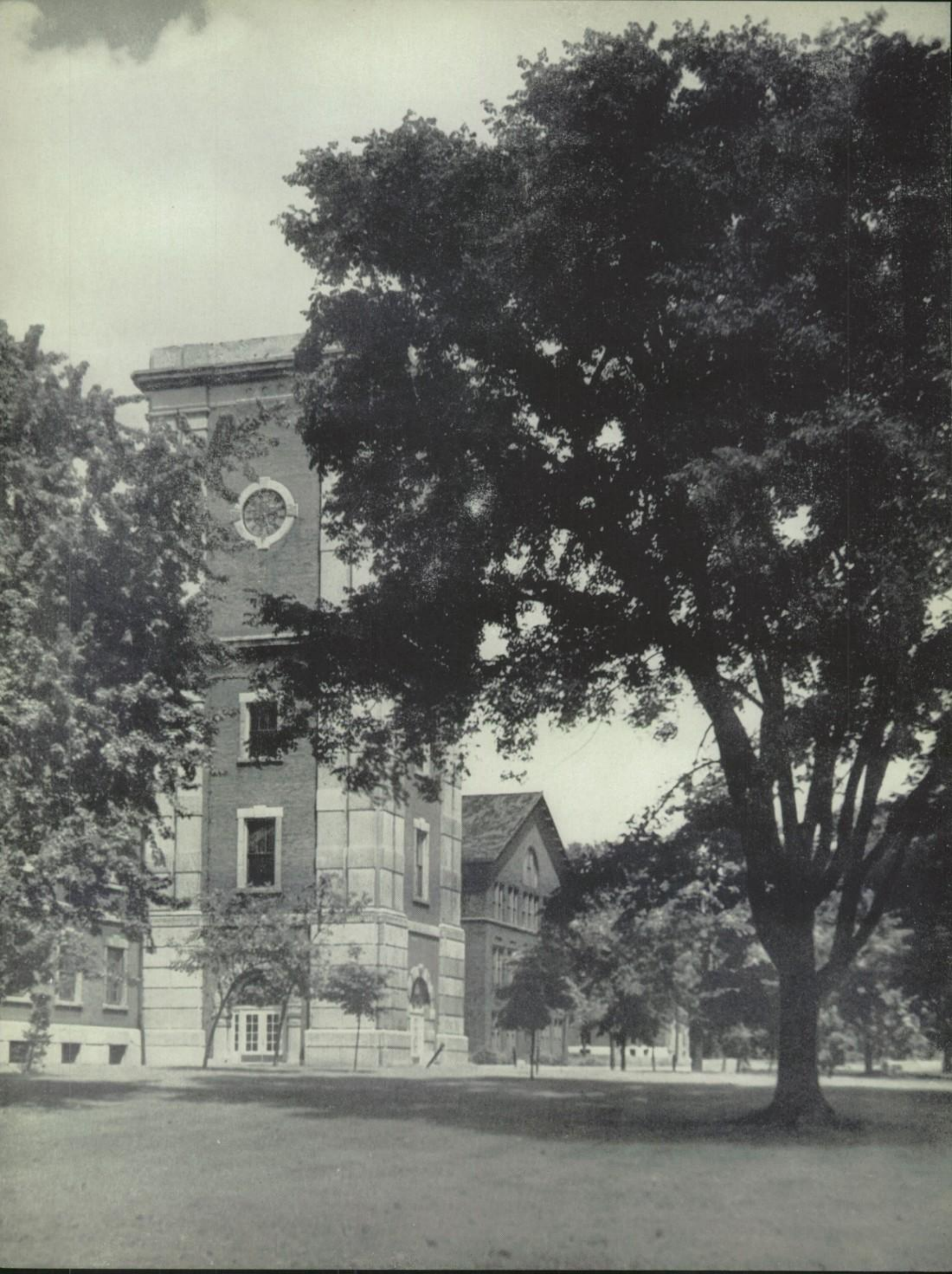
THE ARSENAL CANNON

VOLUME 48
ISSUE 16

THE ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Mary Catherine Shipman

JANUARY 1937



Glenn
R. R. 154
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THIS is fertile soil. Here, the student may grow and develop even as a tree which probes deeply for nourishment to strengthen and enlarge its branches. Like a hardy sapling, he may spring to newer heights and wider horizons. His textbook of nature is written by the Master Scientist. This is a living laboratory.

INSPIRATION PATH

WASHINGTON MARKER

FISH-GAZING

LATIN RENDEZVOUS

LAST-MINUTE REVIEW

TALKING IT OVER

ARTILLERY HEAD-
QUARTERS

FAIR WEATHER FROLICKING

ZEALOUS ZOOLOGISTS

KEYNOTE BUILDING

SCENE OF CONFLICTS

PHYSIOGRAPHY MAP-MAKING

AMATEUR SURVEYORS

BUSY BOTANISTS

CAMPUS SKETCHERS

AQUATIC WILD LIFE

FALL HARVESTING

ONE OF SEVEN UNITS

SNOWBOUND

RUSTIC BRIDGE

GUARDING THE COLORS

POGUE'S RUN

THE ILL-FATED HENRY OF NAVARRE

The Brackridges had a peacock. The Brackridges are our lordly neighbors who winter at the Riviera, summer in the Adirondacks, drive a Duesenberg, hire a French chef, and are, altogether, a haughty and insufferably overbearing family. The Brackridge peacock, Henry of Navarre, mirrored the family characteristics perfectly.

Henry, for short, was a gorgeous fowl with all the traditional vanity of his race. He delighted to arouse the open-mouthed admiration of the "commoners" who toured the Brackridge estate every Sunday afternoon from one to five. Then, Henry would unfurl his fantastic train and would strut handsomely about the grounds to fulfill his duties as a moderately bored host. Henry really was the host, for none of the Brackridges were at home on a Sunday. Mrs. Brackridge complained that the "bourgoise" jangled her poor nerves.

"They are sooooo insufferable," she sniffed during our last conversation. "Henry is the only one of the family who can tolerate them, aren't you, love?" She bent—laboriously—to stroke his lordship but Henry slid from under her fawning hand. He played no favorites.

Late last winter, Henry began to lose his grandeur. One by one he reluctantly dropped his gorgeous tail-feathers. The Brackridge lawns and bowling green became the hunting grounds for the neighborhood's numerous small boys who searched diligently for the fallen plumes. Then, Henry disappeared.

The peace and quiet of our suburban community was riven by the shock. Henry's escapades were reviewed over back fences in awed whispers. Mrs. Brook 'lowed that she could take airplane riding as a matter of course afore she could get used to Henry's absence. Mrs. Reardan wagged her head and clucked in agreement. Mrs. Brackridge hysterically collapsed.

The Brackridge servants stealthily tip-toed over every foot of the estate. Henry was as effectively lost as if he had stumbled into a vat of lye. For several weeks, pandemonium reigned in decreasing stages of violence. Stock in peacock plumes soared sky-high for Mrs. Brackridge paid unheard-of sums for her darling's discarded feathers. All the small scavengers cashed in.

I was digging greens one warm spring day when son Bob vaulted the back-yard fence and breathlessly cried, "Mom! Henry's back!"

Sure enough, his lordship had returned with a brand new train of glamorous feathers, longer and more iridescent than ever before. Mrs. Brackridge suffered a relapse.

Mid-March days are deceitful. They dawn with the promise of summer and, as likely as not, die to the rising cadenza of a bitter wind. Such a day was that Sunday I recall when the Brackridge estate again opened to the public after its tiresome siege with winter. In spite of rising wind, all the charter members of the sight-seeing groups arrived and gathered at the back of the mansion.

Henry haughtily strutted out from his summer-house home to play host. He stopped when about fifteen feet out and squawked harshly to announce his royal presence. After the desired effect had been obtained, he ceremoniously spread his brilliant tail-feathers and slowly advanced to greet his loyal subjects. His court processional of one proceeded effectively until he left the protection of the summer-house. Then, the brisk wind caught his lordship astern and, ballooning his plumes over his head, hastened his pace to a point not only detrimental to his dignity but devastating to his self-control. Henry protested loudly. The wind was merciless. Henry bluffed! Henry blustered! Henry swore a little—a great deal!

Imagine the chagrin of the cook's pet cat when she was rudely aroused from peaceful dreams of catnip and other feline delights by the shrieking apparition of wildly gyrating plumes. Feeling that the kitchen door was her especial responsibility, Pussy arched her back, spread her eighteen well-sharpened claws, and issued a most emphatic order to "STOP!"

The language must have been cat, but its meaning was unmistakable to the peacock. Henry honestly tried to comply but the maddening wind pushed him on at top speed. Then, Pussy launched her ultimatum. That ultimatum consisted of eighteen curved needle claws and a mouth full of stiletto teeth. Pussy landed just behind Henry's plumed crown and worked along his backbone.

Henry scurried around and around—screaming—vindictive—accusing—pleading. He was ready to surrender unconditionally—to agree to any terms. Honor was surely satisfied but Pussy was not. Her fighting blood was up. Mere routing was not enough; she desired a complete and decisive victory. But, to Pussy's disgust, the fates were kind to Henry. Pussy's weight overthrew him and both the offensive and defensive rolled down the hill.

The more daring of the laughing spectators separated the combatants. The cat stalked majestically away but Henry—poor Henry—crept under the summer-house, pouting like a spoiled child.

Henry's wounds have long been healed but his spirit is still scarred—crushed. Mrs. Brackridge has adopted a Pekinese.

Madge Rutherford.

POPULAR OUTDOOR SPORTS

SWIMMING

I stand poised on the tip of the diving board. I rise to my toes and hurl myself toward the waiting waters below. The waves slide smoothly over my body as I cleave them without a splash. I slip effortlessly deeper and deeper into the murky depths until the sand suddenly looms before me. With a slight twist I pull out of the dive and come to rest on the sandy lake floor. Through the slowly swirling waters I gaze upon a new world conquered. For a brief moment I watch life in this watery realm; and then I shoot, breathless, upward. After seemingly many minutes, I break the surface, sending many small ripples away from me. I gulp down great quantities of air, pause for a moment, and strike out for some distant destination. Strong, swift strokes of arms and legs bring me finally to the opposite shore. I emerge from the water in a supreme state of exultation.

To me swimming is not merely a sport. It is a form of joyful expression of the love of life. It is a time for tossing all cares and responsibilities to the winds, forcing all the activity possible into that space of time, and making that moment count as one of highest physical and mental joy. And so I dive, twist, and splash with reckless abandon. It is something to look forward to—that climax-point of spontaneous enthusiasm.

MARION KIRCHHOFF.

HIKING

Every season of the year affords a wonderful opportunity for my favorite sport, hiking; for spring, autumn, summer, and winter—all boast their special merits. For those persons whose physical comfort is foremost in importance, I recommend the more balmy seasons. My choice is winter. I can think of nothing I would rather do than to wake up unusually early on a cold winter morning and crawl into a snug, warm snow-suit by which the most furious winter blasts and snow flurries are turned away. As I joyously kick a path over the snow-covered fields and occasionally tumble into a snow-drift, I feel strangely at peace with even my bitter enemies. Through the frosty air I can hear the sounds which the little forest animals are making. A sly fox creeps out of his leafy den, while high up in a tree, whose barren appearance is somewhat improved by dashes of white on its branches, a squirrel chatters noisily. The little winter birds are hopping around in the snow in a futile search for food. The swimming hole of summertime is covered with a layer of ice which affords several moments of exhilarating sliding. Finally I am assailed by pangs of hunger and a sensation of a freezing nose and already frozen feet. I half walk, half slide, on my way home, while visions of a breakfast suited to an early morning hiker serve as a beckoning finger.

MARY MILHOLLAND.

FUN ON THE ICE

To me there is no sport quite so thrilling as ice skating. I like to hear the wind fairly shriek past my ears and feel a fine mist of spray sprinkle over my face that is already flushed with the fervor and excitement of a long anticipated day. On this glassy surface we are truly brothers and sisters under the skin; for as we skim along so swiftly, our imagination "runs riot" and in our minds we represent a flock of noisy birds flying and darting over the icy glare. Clashing skates, murmuring voices, and merry gales of laughter float through the afternoon stillness breaking its solitude. I feel very superior, indeed, when I see a timid beginner, very uncertainly standing on two quivering feet, take a deep breath and start off, hoping for the best but expecting the worst. What a feeling of exhilaration I get racing down a shining, frozen path and seeing the white expanse merge with the misty sky. Sometimes as I am smoothly skimming along, a hidden obstruction blocks my path and I am sent hurling across the ice to land in a position very uncomfortable and certainly ridiculous. With a look of surprise and consternation on my face I very gently pick myself up and sheepishly glance around to see who has witnessed my great catastrophe. I like suddenly to swerve around at the ominous cracking of ice under my feet, warning me and preventing an icy deluge. It is a real pleasure to gather around the roaring bonfire and thaw our numb fingers and toes which we had scarcely noticed until then. One by one the tired but happy skaters regretfully go home, leaving the lake deserted and desolate, its peace disturbed now and then only by faint cries echoing in the distance.

JANET BEVER.

HUNTING

Hunting! The very word thrills me to the core. To trudge along through a snow-covered field or a thicket dense with trees and brush in search of the wary cottontail is a sport that exceeds all others. I like to feel the cold winter air whistle about my warmly clad legs. It makes my eyes glisten to walk against the wind in this new world, white with a dazzling snow. My feet tingle as they break through the thin crust of snow. My hands feel numb as they grip the cold steel barrel of the gun, but I know at the first startling appearance of the bounding rabbit that they will be limber and ready to do their part of the job.

The crack of a twig pops like a shot, and the rabbit skims across the snow. Leaping and bounding along in seven-foot strides, the rabbit affords only a split-second shot. But at the first crack of the twig I have sprung into action. My hands grip the barrel more firmly. I throw the butt to my shoulder, and my finger squeezes the trigger as the sights fall along the hare's back. With a loud roar the gun discharges its deadly missiles into the bunny. With deserving pride I examine my "kill" and proudly stuff him conspicuously beneath my hunting coat, hoping someone will notice.

Don Bell.

MOTOR-BOATING

The sport I most enjoy is motor-boating. What exhilaration and happiness a ride in a hydroplane can give! The roar of the motor loudly reminds me that I am in sole command of my aquatic steed and that at any moment I may turn quickly, halt my mount, or even flip it and myself over, if I wish. This gives me a feeling of great importance and authority. As the boat leaps between the crests of the waves, my heart leaps with it. Each time my craft hits a wave obliquely the boat and I feel a great tendency to part company; but with each swerve, more of my troubles depart and more thrills come to take their places. The waves, slapping in rapid staccato against the hull, the sting of the wind and spray on my face and arms, and the roar from the "wash" of the propeller all give buoyancy to my spirits. And when the ride is over, only because of darkness and a diminished supply of gas, I am quite cramped from crouching in the tiny cockpit and I notice a slight feeling of nausea from the constant jarring by the waves. Nevertheless, motor-boating is and will be my favorite sport for a long time to come; for, in which one of all the sports will I find more exhilaration, greater thrills, a lighter heart, and more thorough enjoyment than in motor-boating?

Myron Hawkins.

THE STORY OF TILLIE THE TROLLEY

The old trolley's course lay along old streets warped and misshapen from age and use. The houses lining both sides of her course were mid-victorian in style. The track itself was rough and crooked. All the sections did not fit together correctly, nor were the opposite rails quite parallel to each other. The whole scene—the old street, the houses, and the track—bespoke age and wear. All these seemed to be working beyond their "retirement age." One felt that new streets and tracks should have been laid and new houses should have been built long ago. Then, when the trolley entered the scene on its wobbly, squeaky old wheels, jerking along the track, one felt that the car should have been scrapped long ago.

Her elderly motorman had affectionately named her "Tillie" when she was "brand new." She is quite proud of her record with the "company." She was the first electric car to appear in the town and has seen continuous service ever since, except for two months a few years ago.

Tillie had been trying to show off before a horseless carriage and went twenty miles per hour; this was far too fast for her superannuated condition. She jumped the track. No one was hurt except Tillie, who suffered a broken wheel and an internal fracture of the floor-boards. It took two months for her to recover in the repair shop. This confinement hurt her pride at the time, but she soon regained it and was wiser for the experience.

But poor old Tillie now! She still has her pride and unwillingness to give up; yet she is practically paintless, her windows are disgustingly dirty, and she wheezes and coughs every time she starts. Every trip costs her much pain. If she goes at a speed of any more than ten miles per hour, the crooked old track causes Tillie to wrench her lateral braces. A steady pace of ten miles per hour for a distance of two blocks causes her to sway back and forth on the track, leaning farther each time till it seems she will certainly lose her sense of equilibrium and topple over. This would be most disastrous because, as with all elderly people, a fall, however short, would result in many broken joints which do not easily knit together again. Tillie has faith in herself, nevertheless, and hurrying along at the

enormous speed of ten miles per hour hasn't toppled over yet.

Tillie's biggest trouble is with little boys who sneak up behind when she isn't looking to pull the trolley off the wire. This is her one worry. Without current, she is useless. She can do nothing to protect herself from this practice. Once her motorman put barbed fish-hooks into the trolley cord with the barbs sticking out. As they were accustomed to do, the boys pulled the cord in order to disable Tillie. Of course, the scamps were punished for their mean trick with a handful of fish-hooks. Tillie still grins to herself about this revenge on the boys.

Some day Tillie will sway too far to one side and fall over; or perhaps she will fall apart all at once as the one-hoss shay did, and that will be her end. Until that day, Tillie will be proud of her past record, she will be confident of herself, and she will be absolutely unwilling to surrender her job. Tillie, the trolley, harbors the spirit of defiance even in her old age.

ALAN GRIPE.

THE PUZZLE OF PEOPLE

To some people an entertainment means gathering with the gang for a feed and a dance. For others it means a hike to the woods to hunt the latest bluejay's nest or to catch a glimpse of the first maple that flames into scarlet in the fall. I must admit the virtue of both. Lately, however, I have found entertainment in the sprightly game of trying to solve the puzzle of people. The grocery store, the street, the restaurant—these places, crammed full of interesting characters, are a continual source of contemplation for me.

When on a street car, I am in my element. Throughout the entire ride, I am busy watching people. A young mother sits in front of me, trying to answer at the same time the queries of her two small children. I wonder why she is going to town. Does the incentive of toys lure the youngsters into a paradise of their own? Is the young lady across the aisle a brisk stenographer or a wilted clerk in a busy store? An old woman, a bit feeble and not so confident as she once was, enters the car. She is slight, with white hair. Some intangible quality about her makes me wonder if life has been kind to her. Has she fond children and grandchildren? Does she have dainty little tidies on all her chairs, and are there potted plants all around her immaculate sitting-room? Is she on her way to spend the day with her married daughter or is she going to do some long-delayed shopping?

In the library there are all types of people. One Saturday, in particular, I remember. As I entered the reading room I glanced toward a table surrounded by elderly men and women, peering at newspapers through their bifocals. At another table a young man industriously took notes from a huge reference book. Surely no one but a young law student would be doing that. I immediately pigeonholed him as a poor lad, working day and night to make enough for his education. "What a sad lot that would be," I thought. As my glance rested upon the flippant blonde at that same table, I fancied that I could hear him sigh, wishing that he had the time and money for fun and a girl like that. Imagine my shock when the girl, after applying a second coat of "war-paint," raised her baby-blue eyes to him and said, "Come on, Tom, or we'll be late for that party."

During the Christmas season, the stores present a blazing spectacle. They are a magnet for all people. Who is not thrilled by a display of crimson poinsettias, green holly wreaths, and red holly berries? The shoppers move along like figures in some bright pageant. This woman looks covetously at a diamond bracelet displayed on a counter. She realizes that it is too expensive for her; nevertheless, she looks. There is an old grandmother buying yarn. What lovely gifts will come from this yarn—hose, mittens, scarves, and sweaters for the children! A college girl longingly fingers a red velvet formal, even though she just bought one the month before. A man, at the next counter, abstractedly inquires of a clerk what he should get his wife for Christmas. So on, through the store, goes the Christmas parade.

In this intriguing game, what sudden and unexpected ends often come, and how we misjudge these passer-bys! Our balloon of thoughts is pricked and collapses. But this only adds to the fun of it, for I always watch the next stranger with the same interest.

ELIZABETH GORMAN.

TECH LITERARY RAMBLINGS

REPORT CARD DAY

Here it comes at last! The boy in front has just received his. An anguished cry escapes from his tightly pressed lips. Now mine! I am afraid to look, but I must. One look and a sigh of relief bursts from my lips. Then I breathe more freely. Oh, how can that person in front keep on talking and asking questions as on an ordinary day? Ah! At last the bell! I have a few minutes of fresh air before the anxiety rises up in me again. Now for the most dreaded of all. The unsuspecting torturer enters the room, bestowing smiles right and left. Seated before us she smilingly asks for the cards. Then we are expected to go on discussing and translating when we do not know what she has in store for us in her little book that holds so much, which passes judgment on scores of pupils. Ah! Here she comes bearing down upon me, flaunting that card in front of me. It flutters to the desk and my heart flutters with it. I turn it over fearfully. At last I shall know the verdict. When I see it I gasp! Hurrah! I am on the honor roll. I can survey my card with a satisfied air. Now for home and peace until this torturous day comes again.

VIOLET GURVITZ.

LOSING ONE'S FRECKLES

My foremost desire in life has always been to rid myself of those unbecoming brownish colored spots called freckles. I have always gazed with envy at the girls blessed with a clear, unblemished skin. These spots, so science says, are due to an abnormal accumulation of coloring in the layer of skin. They are usually hereditary, much to my misfortune.

Having experimented with various creams and lotions, I am now at the point where I feel I can no longer endure them. I have been told that time will erase these noticeable pinheads from my face. Among my many nicknames, "Freckles" has been the most prominent. As a child I have always been self-conscious concerning my unwished-for freckles. However, there is one consoling thought to which I can turn when in the depths of despair. I have noticed, or is it my imagination, that my skin gradually clears as I grow older. Ah me, Time will tell!

EVELYN LEWELLYN.

ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

Just a short walk up a slight incline brought me to Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. Night had already dropped its velvet cloak on New York, and the lights along the streets were shining brightly. Riverside Drive with its streams of swiftly moving traffic was dangerous to cross, but at last there came a lull in the traffic and I reached the opposite side.

I settled down on an empty bench to watch the river. The ferry boats were plying through the waters of the Hudson as they carried their human cargoes to and from Fort Lee. The lighted windows made it possible to watch the course of the boats.

Suddenly I was attracted by a naval officer walking by. Wondering, I looked toward the river, and there I saw five destroyers at anchor almost directly in front of me. How majestically they floated there!

My eyes scanned the shore on the other side until they came to rest on Palisades Park. The many lights made it stand out from anything else on that side of the river.

Ever since that night, I have wished that I could go back there. Who knows, perhaps next summer my wish may come true.

RICHARD ENDSLEY.

THAT POT OF GOLD

When I was younger I often heard that there was a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Such a belief led me to make wonderful plans for the future; for, of course, some day I would find it.

Whenever there was a rainbow I would go down the street as far as my mother would allow me to, to see if I could see that wonderful pot of gold. I would look and look, but I could never discover the end of the rainbow. As I grew older and wiser, I began to wonder how the pot of gold could be at the end of the rainbow without falling off.

Now that I have grown older still, my heart is broken to discover that the rainbow is round and has no end. Thus are many of our childhood dreams shattered.

RODERICK MORRISON.

A MOUNTAIN SUNRISE

Still, cool darkness gradually melts into filmy veils of white mist that begin to rise from deep ravines at the first faint breath of dawn like curling smoke from a phantom Indian's fire.
Cold air, as spicy and invigorating as the dew-washed apples whose scraggling groves splatter the slopes, awakens your skin.
For a brief moment majestic quiet—
Then like a great conductor nature lifts her magic baton to direct a glorious symphony.
Slowly color emerges from the grayness.
Dark green of neighboring peaks appears, broken only by the confusing patterns the restless brown fire-breaks form.
Next are added quaint splotches of lavender and orange as wild flowers, responsive to the increasing warmth, unfold.
Old Baldy thrusts his snow-capped head aloft to catch the shell pink reflections from the lazy clouds before his comrades.
A tiny spotted fawn in ecstasy leaps through a clearing.
The silence is abruptly broken by some crow's startled caw.
A thousand pine trees, awakened by a sudden breeze, sing as they lift their branches to catch the golden splendor bursting upon them.
Dawn.
The day is yours!

BILLIE HOUGHTON.

REVERY

Moonlight on the Ohio,
The soft ripple of a passing boat,
Tall trees etched against the sky,
And beside the river a sleepy little town.

FLORENCE ALICE HUGHES.

WHEELS

Wheels, ever turning, ever spinning, wheels,
Day and night constantly moving,
Bringing these, taking those,
Never knowing, never caring, rushing on.
The king of speed, the aid of man,
Whether covering miles and miles
Or revolving madly like a top,
Or turning slowly under rushing waters,
The perpetual turning of wheels,
The soul of progress, those ever turning wheels.

RYLAND ROESCH

THE BITTERN

A slim silver sickle of a moon swung deep
And sliced a creamy cloud.
A star-sprinkled mist from the swamp hung deep,
Caressing the reeds and rushes.
A silky-barked aspen rustled in a dream,
Quivered in its sleep.
The soft night hushes were shattered by the scream
Of a swamp-loving hermit,
A bittern by a stream.

Boom, boom, boom,
Listen to the clamour,
Beating like a hammer.
Listen to the pounding,
Hear the echoes sounding.
Hear them softly dying.
Hear the swamp replying.
Boom, boom, boom, boom,
Hear the deep refrain,
Beating like a hammer,
Like a hammer on the brain.

MADGE RUTHERFORD.

CYCLE OF LIFE

A white walled room
And a stiff-starched nurse;
A life has bloomed;
Yes, a long black hearse.

PAULINE BAILEY.

WANDERLUST

At night when all the world is still,
I hear a call from a far off hill
To roam.
I hear the whispering of the winds.
I want to see where the world begins—
To roam.
I feel a challenge in spite of that;
There's always something that holds me back—
Stay home.
And as the wind croons her lullaby
She whispers softly as she glides by,
"Why roam?
Stay home."

BETTIE KEUTHAN.

UNDER the leadership of Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan, Tech's principal, the faculty guides the mental and physical development of the student and prepares him for life after graduation. To facilitate the purpose of the teachers, the office staff, the assistants, the lunchroom workers, the engineers, and the custodians cooperate in making Tech a smooth-running machine.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Bottom row: Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan, principal.

Second row: Mrs. Lillian S. Harrison, secretary; Gertrude Thuemler, dean of girls.

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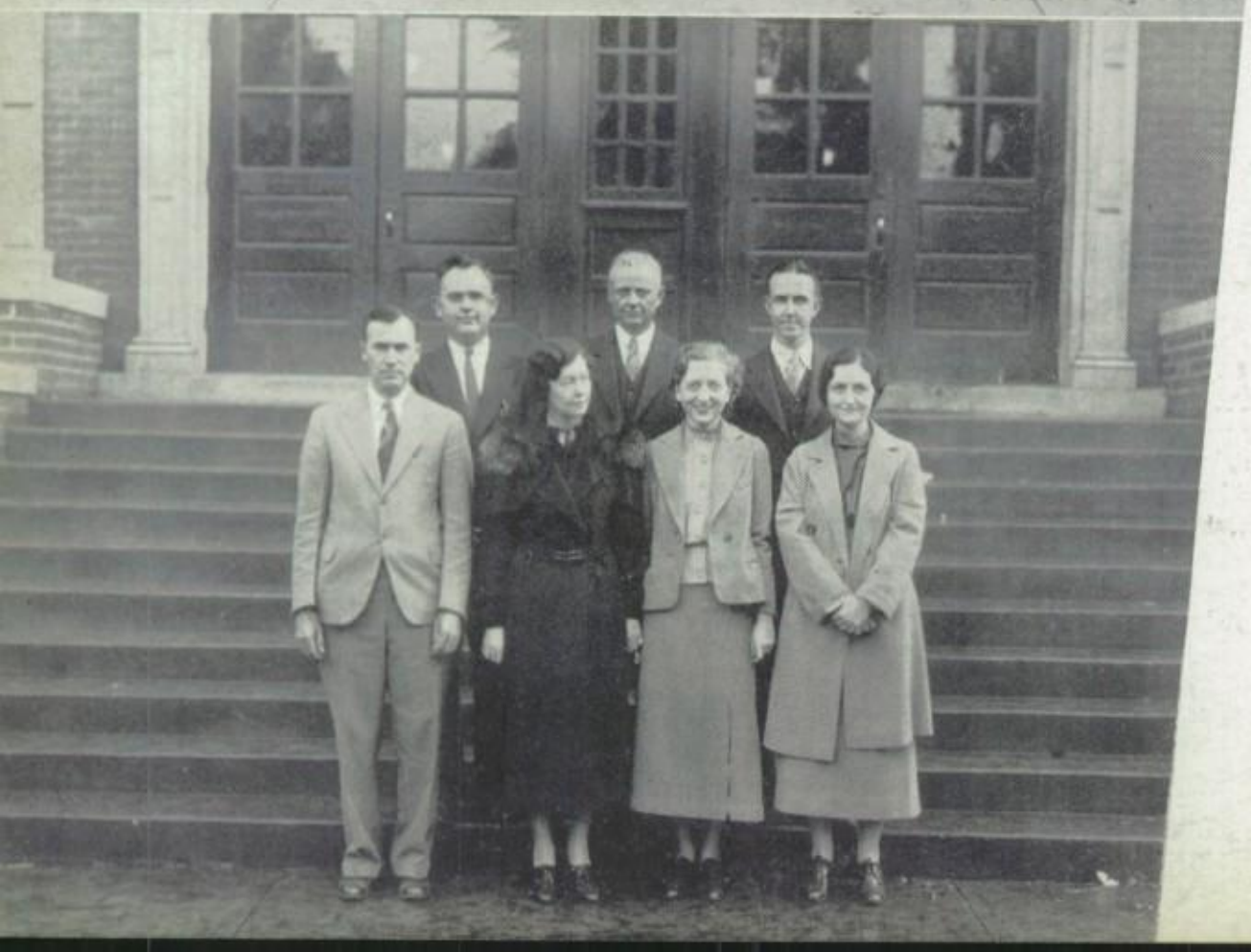

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Top row: Ersie Martin, Burton Malott, C. N. Lancaster, James Rose.

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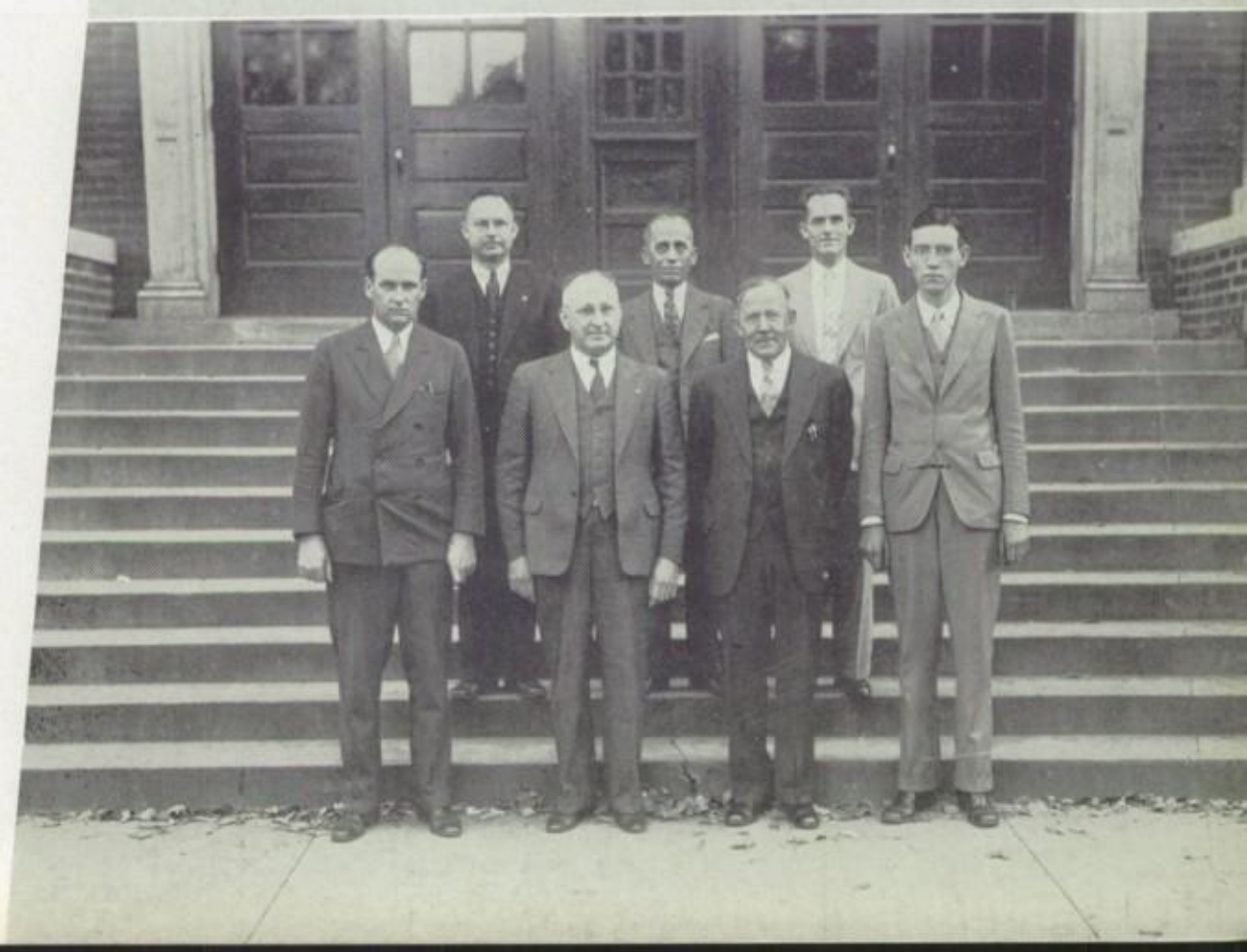

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EXTRA-CURRICULAR activities present an unlimited field of culture to the student. Here he may develop his talents, discover new interest, make congenial friends, and meet men and women who have succeeded in his chosen profession. The school curriculum strengthens and deepens a student's knowledge; extra-curricular activities broaden his life.

STRATFORD LITERARY CLUB

FRENCH CLUB

GERMAN CLUB

SPANISH CLUB

LATIN CLUB

NATURE STUDY CLUB

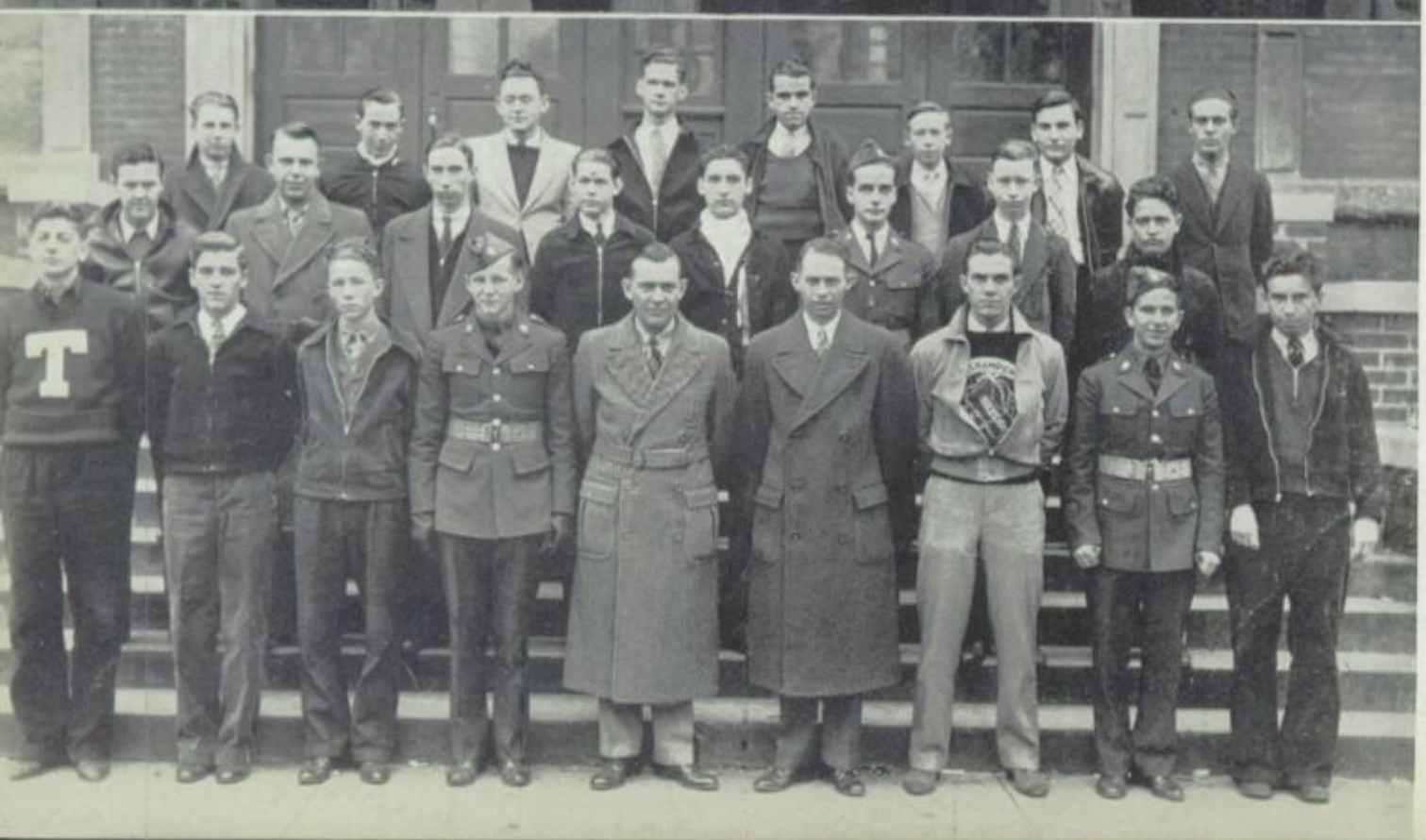
DEMEGORIANS AND
DEBATERS

MAKE-UP STAFF

MODES ET MANTEAUX
CLUB

SPORTSMAN CLUB

ARSENAL CANNON
AGENTS



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YNOMRAH CLUB

SAXOPHONE QUARTETTE

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CLUB

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We extend our appreciation to those who served as judges for the literature contests: Mr. Bjorn Winger, chairman, Mrs. Ressie Fix, and Mr. R. E. Emerson—poetry; Miss Helen Thornton, chairman, Miss Anna Brochhausen, and Miss Margaret Waters—essays; Miss Jeannette White, chairman, Miss Irene McLean, and Mr. D. C. Park—short stories.

We thank Alma Fisher for assisting with the layout, and Harry Esamann for art work done for the magazine; the Indianapolis Engraving Company for the use of the two snow scenes; and Mr. S. A. Reager for the frontispiece.

A LIVING LABORATORY

Seventy-six acres of wooded land! First they served the government as an Arsenal; now, they compose a scientific and spiritual laboratory for the Arsenal Technical Schools, through which they serve the world by helping to develop intelligent, ambitious, useful men and women.

On the campus, science classes gather fresh material for experiments; art classes find innumerable spots of charm for sketches and paintings; mathematics classes form equations from actual field work with surveying instruments; agriculture classes plant their seeds and reap their harvests of flowers and vegetables; R. O. T. C. boys drill and practice maneuvering; and athletes build strong bodies through out-door exercise.

In probably few other high schools can the curriculum be so combined with activities in the great out-of-doors.

Unique is the Wild Flower Garden, a laboratory for young scientists. This densely wooded tract of nearly five acres has been preserved as a sanctuary for native plant life which is rapidly disappearing in other regions. Through the unceasing efforts of the Science departments, approximately three hundred different varieties of wild flowers have been planted in the garden. Noteworthy specimens are the Snow Trillium, the Bottled Gentian, and the Grass-of-Parnassus. Loveliest of the northern Orchis, the Yellow Lady's-Slipper dips its velvety crome in the dank underbrush and the shy Moccasin Flower hides its fragile pink lobes in some untrodden nook—delicate poems in loveliness.

This paradise of flowers is no less delightful to the ornithologist. Nearly seventy-five different species of birds have been seen in the garden. In the heart of the sanctuary, camoflaged by tree limbs and dense underbrush, is a bird banding and feeding station where hundreds of birds have been caught, banded, and released.

Touched by the alchemist, Spring, Forsythia hedges burst with gold. Lilac Lane dips with odorous white and purple blossoms. The Wild Flower Garden stirs to life. Violet and Hepatica blooms are rapidly followed by a gamut of other flowers. Migrating birds linger in the trees. In autumn, when the corpse-like sycamores are tipped with bronze, warblers and thrushes pause in their southward journey. Wild asters and chocolate-plumed cat-tails nod over the quiet pool where Marsh marigolds stretch their rich green and the wild colombine sketches a filigree pattern over the limestone ledges. With the snows of winter, the shrubbery dons an ermine cloak. The entire campus is shrouded in pure white, networked by walks and driveways. In all seasons, Tech is beautiful.

Here knowledge is combined with loveliness, classrooms are supplemented with out-door experience. This is a living laboratory.

MADGE RUTHERFORD.

COOPERATION

In order to be successful an organization must have a strong leader, but even he can not attain the desired success unless he has a corps of loyal workers, all of whom are willing and anxious to cooperate for the good of the organization.

Cooperation is the basis upon which Tech claims success, for without the acknowledged leadership of Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan, Tech's principal, and the eagerness of the faculty to work with him tirelessly for the best interests of the school and the welfare of the students Tech would not be the school that it is today.

Twenty-five years ago Tech's faculty consisted of eight members and a principal, Mr. Milo H. Stuart, who, unaided by an office staff at Tech, served as principal of two schools. For nineteen years Mr. Stuart guided the growth and the development of Tech until November of 1930 when he was named assistant superintendent of schools in charge of secondary school education.

That first semester there was an enrollment of one hundred eighty-one pupils who met on the second floor of the Arsenal. In the eight thinly partitioned classrooms with makeshift equipment, classes were conducted in eleven courses.

Mr. Morgan, Tech's first vice-principal, who followed Mr. Stuart as principal, has carried on his work and further developed the school. The six thousand eight hundred seventy-three pupils now enrolled are able to select courses which they wish to take from a curriculum of approximately one hundred forty-five subjects. The various classes meet in about one hundred eighty classrooms provided in the fourteen buildings on the campus. The two hundred forty-nine teachers with their seventeen assistants and an office staff of fifteen cooperate with Mr. Morgan in carrying out his extensive program of curriculum building and school improvement.

Enthusiastic teachers have formed clubs, most of which are an outgrowth of the curriculum, and special groups which assist in the organization of the school. These number forty; thus every pupil has an opportunity to express himself or to delve further into the secrets of his favorite study. Club participation gives the pupils opportunities to develop intellectually and socially, to acquire initiative and leadership, and to learn to work with their classmates.

Promotion of good health is not neglected, for the lunchroom workers prepare and serve good, wholesome, well-balanced meals; the engineers see that the buildings are heated properly; and the custodians keep the classrooms clean and in order.

All this cooperative work makes the Arsenal Technical Schools what they are today.

VIRGINIA ROLAND.

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TECH LEGION OFFICERS

CHESS CLUB

STRATFORD RILEY
PROGRAM

CAST FOR "ROLLO'S
WILD OAT"

First Row: Owen Findley, Robert Mayer, Ivan Stoshitch, George Clark, Earl West, James McCormick, Alvin Ellis, Pete Irea, Darrell Thomas, Harry Adkins, Tommy Wilson, Joe Crofts, Harlan Weaver, Parker Wilson, Donald Yelton, Leroy Snyder, Joe Kirsch. Second Row: James Weaver, Dave Miller, Norman Linne, Louis Lee, Leland Wiggam, Don Huffman, Joe Powell, Don Gillie, John Campbell, Melvin Coulter, Eugene Brown, Leslie Fleck, James Wechsler, Raymond Von Spreckleson, Wilbert Mandara. Third Row: Coach R. L. Ball, Asst. Coach Wayne E. Rhodes, Jack Lee, Slavko Mattes, Harry Barton, Bob Teen, N. Joe Crawford, Jean Stroh, Keith Jones, Richard Huberti, Morris Mikkelsen, Arthur Murphy, John Johnson, Robert Tomlinson, Joe Yetter, Arthur Beldon, Robert Bailey, Reserve Coach W. E. Cleveland, Manager Fred R. Gorman. Fourth Row: George Shaffer, Brooks Powers, Frank Mitchell, James Warrenburg, Fred Fulton, Charles Howard, Robert Clifford, Don Bostic, Carl Hartlage, Wayne Goodman, Forest Risley, Charles Morris, Charles Gearns, James Tearney, William Cauldwell.

RESUME OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

Although one defeat at the hands of Shortridge forced Tech to share the city championship with the Northsiders and Washington, and another heart-breaking setback from the Anderson Indians wrecked the Green's hopes for the North Central Conference crown, the varsity football team completed a successful schedule under the tutelage of Coach Robert L. Ball.

Depending largely on a fast running attack, coupled with a dazzling aerial offense, the Green and White eleven piled up 85 points against 79 for the opposition to gain victories over Richmond, Muncie, Manual, Cathedral, and Washington, while tying Jefferson of Lafayette and dropping decisions to Shortridge and Anderson.

Tech tangled with the previously unscored-upon Jefferson of Lafayette team in the season's opener, and after sixty minutes of heated play the game ended in a 6-to-6 deadlock. The Bronchos capitalized on a blocked punt in the first quarter with Korty scoring, while the Techmen tallied in the second period after a long pass set the stage for Wilson to register.

Traveling to Richmond, October third, the Green eleven captured its first win of the season by downing the Red Devils, 20 to 14, in a North Central Conference tilt. Passes were responsible for all touchdowns during the game, with Wilson scoring twice and Huffman crossing the goal once for Tech. Lundy, fleet-footed negro back, pushed over on both occasions for the Red Devils.

A late fourth-quarter safety provided the margin of victory for the Green and White as Tech journeyed to Muncie for a night game October ninth to hand the Bearcats their first defeat by eking out an 8-to-7 triumph. The Green registered in the first quarter with Weaver going over after a sustained drive. Muncie forged ahead in the second period on a touchdown by Goens, followed by a successful conversion. Both teams then battled on even terms until the final minutes when Burres of Muncie was tackled behind his goal for the winning points.

A safety again resulted in victory for the Green and White in the initial city series battle when Manual fell before Tech, 8 to 6, at Delavan Smith field, October sixteenth. The two-pointer came in the first period after a Redskin punt was blocked over the goal; then Wilson scored on a pass in the second quarter to boost the advantage. Manual was held scoreless until the third period when Hansing counted on a pass.

Coach Ball's team extended its victory string to four consecutive wins at the Tech field October twenty-third by stopping Cathedral, 18 to 7, for the first time in three years. Weaver scored on Tech's initial try with the ball in the first quarter to maintain an early lead which he increased with touchdowns in the second and fourth periods. The Irish offered their only threat in the third quarter when Fitzgerald went over following a 72-yard march.

Failure to convert points after touchdowns spelled the first defeat of the season and the loss of the North Central Conference title for Tech October thirtieth, as Anderson edged out the Green, 13 to 12, at the Tech gridiron.

In the second quarter the Indians tallied, in rapid-fire order, on passes to Goss and Davis and converted one extra point to command a comfortable lead. Tech came back

strong to stage a spectacular rally in the final session as Weaver counted twice, but both extra point attempts failed.

Tech regained the victory column and climbed to the top of the city series standing November sixth in halting the previously unbeaten Washington Continentals, 7 to 0, at the Westsiders' field. Brilliant defensive work marked the play of both elevens, but Crofts registered on a pass in the second quarter to give Tech the winning advantage.

Nearly eight thousand fans filled the Butler bowl for the annual battle with Shortridge November thirteenth, as the Green and White fought for undisputed possession of the city championship, but the Blue Devils proved too strong and emerged on the long end of a 26-to-6 count to throw the race for the local title into a three-way tie.

Displaying a powerful running attack featured by deadly blocking, the Blue Devils rolled up two touchdowns in the first four minutes, with Dawson and Schlake scoring. Dawson again registered in the second period; then Rash bolstered the lead with another marker in the last quarter. Tech's lone counter came in the final minutes when six consecutive passes were completed to pave the way for Weaver to perish over the goal.

RESERVES

Coach W. E. Cleveland led the reserve grid team through its second undefeated season when the B team completed its five-game series with four victories and one tie.

In the opening game of the season October eighth the Green and White team traveled to Southport to eke out an 18-to-14 decision over the Cardinals. At Manual the following Thursday the host tasted defeat at the hands of Tech, 14 to 7. Cathedral next fell before the Techmen in a tussle on the East Side field October twenty-first, the visitors losing by a 7-to-6 count. Shortridge blurred the otherwise perfect record by holding Coach Cleveland's team to a scoreless tie October twenty-ninth; but in the final game of the season played at Washington November fifth, the Green and White team returned victorious over the Continentals, 19 to 12.

FRESHMEN

Under the direction of Mr. Paul Wetzel, the latest addition to the coaching staff, Tech's freshman football team captured three games in four starts.

In their opening battle on the Tech gridiron October fifteenth the freshies toppled Manual, 14 to 7. The rhinies added their second victim October twenty-first when Cathedral went down, 20 to 6, at the losers' field. Shortridge nosed out the Green and White, 6 to 0, October twenty-ninth on the North Side gridiron, but the yearlings concluded their schedule by defeating Washington, 14 to 0, November fifth at the Tech field.

The athletes on the squad were Robert Benton, Charles Berling, Robert Boomershine, William Brown, Frank Buddenbaum, Robert Burns, Norman David, Walter Dillehay, Edward Gibbs, William Gill, Max Gooch, Robert Hendrixson, William Hessler, Louis Hilscher, Nicholas Huter, Edward Ingersoll, Dan Lentz, George Lucas, Howard Matheson, Glen McCormick, William McGill, Frank Morgan, William Murphy, Denzil Neville, John Patterson, William H. Patterson, William Pattison, James Pein, Thomas Reilly, Ernest Renner, Frank E. Robbins, William Schuck, Julio Smith, Robert Smolka, Jack Stoetling, William Tudor, Frank Walker, Charles Wilson, Charles Wortman, and August Zupancie.

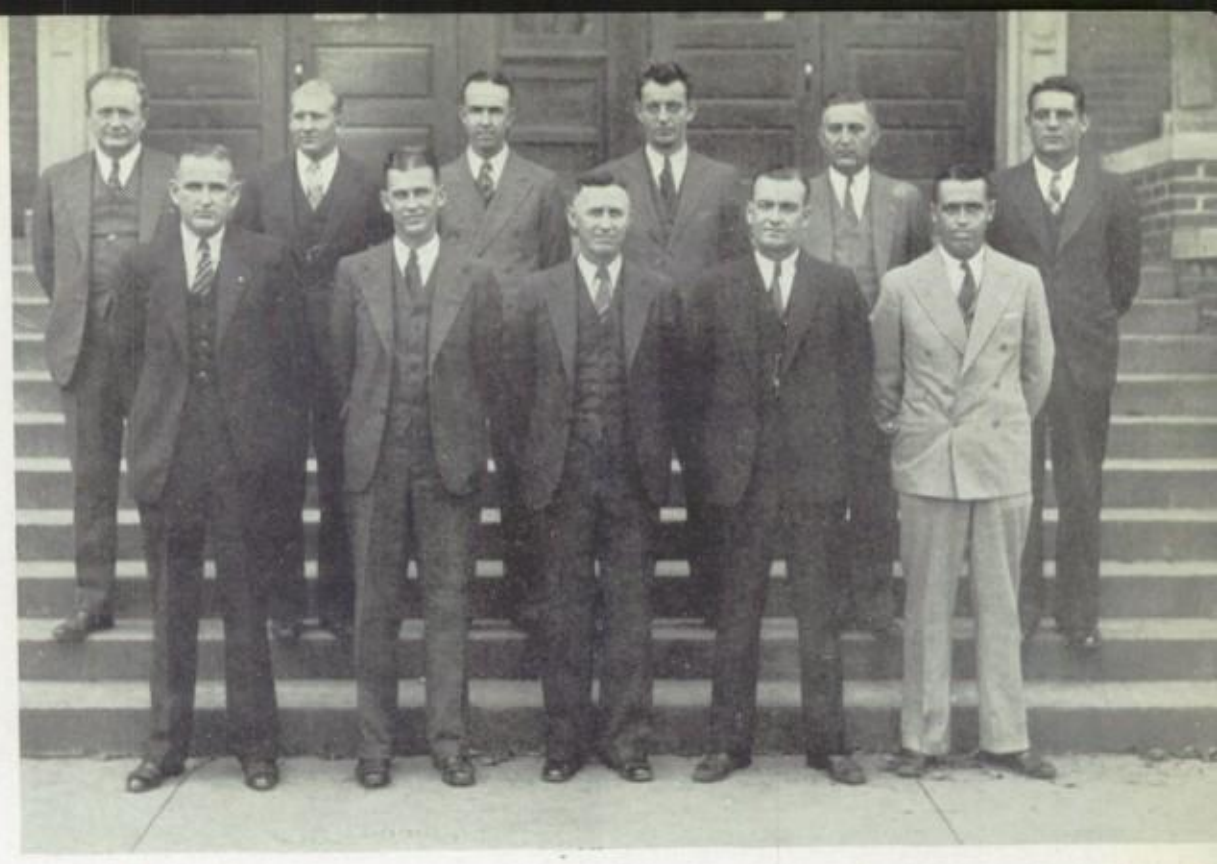
HEALTH PROGRAM

Health, to which so little attention is paid, is really one of the most important aspects of life because regardless of a person's abilities or desires, a person can not do as he wishes without the assistance of the ever-important factor —health!

One of the objectives of the present-day schools is to teach the students the principles of healthful living and to imbed in their minds the necessity of following these rules.

Every person, to a certain extent, inherits his physical status, but it is his duty to improve on his body or, if it is in nearly perfect condition, to apply himself to maintaining his health. It is the high-school person who fails to realize the ever-increasing importance of keeping his body fit. This is because the strain of overworking the muscles and tissues of the body has not yet begun to tell.

Tech offers many opportunities for both the study and maintenance of health. In such classes as physiology, hygiene, and nursing, the students get specific technical knowledge. In courses such as chemistry, home economics, and zoology, there are many principles that relate to health. The students also receive practical health training in physical education, military training, and athletics. The First Aid department acts as an advisory clinic. Thus the school promotes health both in theory and in practice.



COACHES

Bottom row, left to right: C. P. Dagwell, baseball; Bayne D. Freeman, varsity basketball; Fred R. Gorman, athletic director; R. L. Ball, varsity football; Paul E. Myers, track.

Top row: Ross Lyons, freshman track; Reuben Behlmer, track; Kenneth Barr, reserve basketball; Paul Wetzel, freshman football; W. E. Cleveland, reserve football; Wayne E. Rhodes, varsity football.

FALL GOLF

Paced by Eugene Cox, who carried off individual honors with a low medal score of 77, the Tech golf team, under the direction of Mr. Bayne D. Freeman, copped the championship in the annual North Central Conference links tournament played at Richmond September nineteenth.

Scores of other Tech golfers were as follows: Arthur Wettle, 79, Wayne Montfort, 84, and Robert Laffey, 89.

The Richmond foursome toured the course with a card of 351 for the runner-up position; while Kokomo, Lafayette, and Marion finished in order for the next three places.

FALL TENNIS TOURNEY

In the annual North Central Conference tennis tourney held at Richmond September nineteenth the Tech net team, coached by Mr. Robert L. Ball, registered a clean sweep by winning both the singles and doubles events.

As defending title holders in the doubles, the Green and White successfully retained the distinction, with Carl Bohn and James Prater defeating the Logansport combination of Robert Brough and James McCarnes, 6-2, 6-2, in the final round. Elmer Molique stopped Jack Crain, of Logansport, 6-4, 6-3, in the championship match of the single competition.

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

Tech's cross-country team, coached by Mr. Paul E. Myers, raced to victory in three meets to conclude its 1936 season undefeated.

In the initial duel against Warren Central at the Tech course September twenty-fifth the Green harriers coasted to an easy 20-to-35 triumph. Sweeping the first five places, the Tech runners next downed Manual, 15 to 40, at the Southsiders' field October seventeenth. After trailing at the start, Elias Poulos staged a fast finish to lead the Green and White tracksters to a close 25-to-30 win over Washington in the final engagement of the season at the Continentals' field November sixth. Poulos' winning time of ten minutes, three seconds, established a new record for the two-mile course.

Members of the team were Poulos, George Lyday, Ralph Monroe, Vernon Martin, Leland Badger, Oren Bartle, Robert Delrymple, Millard Dobbs, William Garrett, and Frank Kottlowski.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' physical education classes present a colorful picture when they "work out" in their regulation blue suits, white socks and shoes.

The department affords an opportunity for girls to display ability in almost any type of athletics, as class work includes various types of dancing, mat work or stunts, self-testing activities, and games such as volley ring, badminton, cage ball, shuffle board, volley ball, basketball, baseball, and others. Ring toss, a new game, has recently been added to the list. A ping pong set will soon be obtained. Girls may receive instructions in tennis. Archery is taught to girls in Gym III or above.

A safety program is included, for the first time, in the department course of study. This program requires nine lessons a semester. Its purpose is to promote good health and safety.

Supreme Day is set aside as the girls' Play Day at which time all those working for points are privileged to participate in contests.

All girls in the department who desire to work for points may do so. After a girl has accumulated three hundred and fifty points she is awarded a bronze pin. When she has won seven hundred and fifty points she receives a silver pin; and for one thousand points, a gold pin.

Points may be collected by participation in extra-curricular activities such as tennis, hockey, baseball, volley ball, basketball, and badminton. Twenty-five points are received for participation in every game. If the girl is an outstanding player she may win a hundred points.

Points may be received for participation in the Sketchbook and Christmas pageant to which the department always contributes an act.

Jennie Puckett

James Reed

Virginia Jordan

Fernande Le View

Clifton Hyfun

RR 297

Winifred Lambert

Richard Barnhart

W.R. Kick

Dorothy Snyder

Doris Myers

Carolyn Keller

Winfred Cornick

Dorothy Hunteller

Eng. 31-37

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Eileen Hollemans

Helen Currie

Billie Youngston

Dale Fo. Fare

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Elizabeth Kalty Cochran

Maxine Realey

Don Sickler

Margaret Burnside - Eng. IV a

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Dorothea Gilbert

Frances Longshore.